

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reuenge the ierring and disdaind contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace cousin, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnstedfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good-night, or sinke or swim,  
Send danger from the East vnto the West,  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: O the bloud more stirs  
To rowle a Lyon, than to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.  
By heauen me thinks it were an easie leape,  
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where sadome line could neuer touch the ground,  
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,  
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without corriuall all her dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures heere,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good cousin giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy,

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all;

By God he shall not haue a Scot of them,

No, if a Scot would saue his soule, he shall not.

Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no eare vnto my purpose:  
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will: thats flat:  
He said he would not rancome M  
Forbad my tongue to speake of M  
But I will finde him when he lies  
And in his eare Ile hollo Mortimer  
Nay, Ile haue a starling shalbe ta  
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue  
To keepe his anger still in motion

*Wor.* Heare you coolen a wor

*Hot.* All studies here I tole  
Saue how to gall and pinch this B  
And that same sword and buckler  
But that I thinke his father loues h  
And would be glad he met with f  
I would haue him poisoned with

*Wor.* Farewell kinsman, Ile ca  
When you are better tempered to

*Nor.* Why what a waspe-tong  
Art thou, to breake into this wor  
Tying thine eare to no tongue bu

*Hot.* Why loo'e you, I am wh  
Netled, and stung with pismires,  
Of this vile politician Bullingt ro  
In Richards time, what do you cal  
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloceste  
T was where the mad-cap Duke  
His vncle Yorke, where I first bo  
Vnto this King of smiles, this Bu  
Zblood, when you and he came b

*Nor.* At Barkly castle.  
Why what a candie deale of cur  
This fawning greyhound then dic  
Looke when this infant fortune ca  
And gentle Harry Percy, and kin